Magazine following the

The SECOND EDITION of the

SEPTEMBER

HARPER'S

IS NOW READY.

Owing to the increased demand for Harper's

REDUCTION IN PRICE

from 35 cents to 25 cents a copy, the first

edition was exhausted before the date of pub-

importance. It is uncommonly strong in timely

features. Among these is a brilliant paper by

MARK TWAIN,

which, in view of the interest which the Drevfus

affair has aroused, and recent Anti-Semitic riots

in France, cannot fail to attract wide attention.

"CONCERNING THE JEWS."

defence of the Hebrew Race, and with wonder-

ful insight enters into an analysis of the causes

for the persecutions which they have undergone.

Another paper, which is in a way supplement-ary to the news of the day, is the first true ac-

The Emperor and Dowager

Empress of China

(A Revelation of the Secrets of the Inner Palace).

count of the relations between

In it, the distinguished author undertakes a

The September number is one of unusual

tof Naviews of Important and Interest

ader might think, in beginning "Maryrs of Empire." by Herbert C. McIlwaine R. F. Fenno & Co.), that this was going to be a story of somewhat careless and crude accomplishments. The youth and the maiden, brother and sister, who sit languidly at the break-fast table and, after the "things" thereon have been "depleted," discuss facetiously so vast and important a matter as the Australian bush, are a pair calculated to raise doubts in the minds of the readily suspicious. The girl is made to appear distinctly curious. It is said of her that as she sat with her elbows on the board, idly scratching the paim one hand with the nails of the other. the swift, squirrel-like, but totally unobjectionable little movements of the fingers gave evidence of a pientiful supply of that random energy of youth which in the less deinty leads occasionally to nail biting." This is a nice touch. It is well known that the random energy of youth does occasionally find its expression in the biting and mutilation of the inger pails and of the fingers themselves. The usual treatment for those who have lost their wif-control in this respect is to do up their fingers in secure bandages of some rough and something possessed of a highly offensive

If the girl here did nothing but what was squirrel-like and totally unobjectionable, there rould be no need to dwell upon her breakfast table conduct further, but the story goes on to say that "as she bent saids and forward and looked round her hands there was a welcome in the eyes and a fervent curiosity in the parted lips and the three white teeth laid lightly on the under lip"; and this, it must be admitted, was a very remarkable thing to do three of her white teeth? Why did she not see four of these useful and pretty things, instead of only three, lightly on her under lip? If she was generously provided, as undoubtedly she was, why not five or six? Why should she have been niggardly in the matter of so interesting and so charming a display? not know; but there she was, with just the three white teeth expression fervent curionity, as said; and her brother, his rather long hair parted in the middle, sat opposite to her, smoking a cigarette with all the fastidious graces, and complaining of Australia—of its heat, its topsy-turvy seasons, and the multi-tude of its ants. "Ants!" he said, "Ants of every inconceivable variety, but chiefly black fanatically reckless of their lives, and simply of hellish industry in making themselves disagreeable. They send out skirmishers by the ten thousand, followed by millions in procession, and they're in and over everything, in eluding your food and your blankets, and oceasionally your ears. There's a variety of ants to make existence intolerable everywhere during each one of the twenty-four hours. Ther flies, mosquitoes, spiders, scorpions, snakes in season, and innumerable sundries of a like order. The bush is a Whiteler's emporium of maddening pests. This, truly, was a fearful description of Aus-

tralia, and straightway the girl, whose name was Susie, withdrawing her three pretty teeth from their place of exposure, thought of her old playmate. Ned, who was in the bush, and presumably tormented to the limits of patience by all these insect and other

to Ned. Ned is not annoyed by ants. He does not resemble the carter whom Susie encountered in Holborn Circus and who drove a lum bering wagon piled high with carcasses o beef-presumably from Chicago. Ned has been piloting herd of bullocks over a road 2,000 miles long, a different business from carting a load of dressed beef through Londer to the Smithfield markets. Ned sat astride his horse toward the end of a black autumn night. It was 3 o'clock; at 5 the morning would be-nin to whiten in the east. Ned looked for the orning star, which must glimmer in upon him, low down, through the leaves presently He sat with his hands crossed upon the pom mel of his saddle. A vast herd of cattle, the natural clearing of the forest round about him. His instinct told him that there was bout to pass that thrill of strange unrest which steals round the world in the waste of the early hours. "As it goes by, everything that sleeps is trouand all that wake are afraid. and the sick must listen for the beating of the crow in the darkness with unreasonable clamor, and dogs howl as at the sight of some fearsome thing that passes by." A fine thing to be astride a good horse, the feet firm in the stirrup irons, the nand steady, the eye alert, master of a mob of sleeping but sensitive and disturbed eattle, at this hour.

Ned sat thus, the feeling of mastery tingling in all his body, watching the cattle, and watching for the morning star. Not much like the heavy figure, in smeared and greasy smock, lumbering along Holborn with its slaughtered load. "A faint, distressful mouning spread about the camp; the drover turned his horse to face it, sent his feet hard home in the stirrup irons, took a short grip of the reins, and started to ride slowly round, The mob had remained, after their first lying down, almost without stirring since their cudchewing was flaished; from the dim mass only big peaceful sounds of sleep had risen. Now and then one of the sentry bullocks would lie down. blow his vast breath of contentment, and another would rise to stand on guard. For set the purest farm-bred English cattle where siarms may come and in a single day they will renounce the traditions of their cen turies of safety, shelter and refining and resort to the warrior tactics of their long-horned shaggy ancestors and keep watch and watch against surprises." As the moan-ing spread beast after beast arose and stretched himself uneasily. It was the blackest moment of the night. Ned called soothingly to his cattle and remarked, low down among the timber, the first white glimmer of the morning star. The mysteriously disturbed cuttle settled down with deep-blown sighs to the enjoyment of their morning sleep.

Suddenly a possum chattered in the trees: pair of possums squabbled overhead, with a ine like the grounding of 20,000 ride butts. the herd of cattle leaped to their feet and stood with straight backs and arched tails on the brink of panic. Then the contentious possums broke a twig which fell athwart the rump of a bullock that stood on the edge of the mob. facing the darkness, and furthest from the man's comforting voice. Instantly the stampede. The smitten bullock, full of the hidden corror of the night, uttered the high note of trutish terror and went off at a gallop, and the mob went after him with a thunder of hoofs and a bellowing that must have affrighted and bushed the quarrelling possums who started the row. And off went Ned, not mindful now of the morning star, and thinking not at all of Susie, who at this very hour was wondering if Ned was like the butcher's wagoner of Hol-born. Poor Ned, and happy Ned. He never thought even of his breakfast, for which his flattened stomach was quite ready. In the light of the morning star, away he went, dodging the branches of trees quite miraculously. It was brain against brute," says Mr. Meliwaine."twelve stone of manhood and four sound hoofs against four thousand hundredweight of beet. Of course the man and his horse won ed "found time to look across (the terrent of heavy bodies that rushed at his 'elbow, and to listen, as to the music of an orehestra, to the mighty ground base of the galloping cattle. and, through and above lit, to the lighter ounds of desperate hurry-the tumultuous elicking of hoofs and horns like a very hurricane of castanets, the purr of the flying sand. and now and then a ripping and a splintering

And Ned headed them off. He made his nine-foot whip to crack with the noise of pistol shots and to sting like fifty dragoon hornets in one about the muzzle of the leader, and the

s sharp as the crash of cymbals, when the

nob plunged through and scattered a patch of

herd turned and fell to browsing, just as the morning star surmounted the tree tops, and Ned sat down to breakfast with an appetite streauously and well earned. Susie went away to Australia, and of course it did not seem the same to her that it did to her brother. She loved Ned, and overlooked the ants, if there really were any. He was no butcher. He loved the dumb things that he drove 2.000 miles to market, and it is safe to say that it would have been easy to make a vegetarian of him. He married Susie. They were happy. An interesting book.

"Elecampane and Other Poems," by Thomas J. Moore, A. M., is published for the author by the Robert Clarke Company, Cincinnati. A portrait of the author, included in the book as a rontispiece, reveals a very handsome person lity. The first stanza of "Elecampane" goes: How many a tender song is sung.

The pangs of sorrow voicing, melodies being from grievings wrung In hearts knowing no rejoicing.

The warmer the tone, or bright the thought, The deeper the singer's zorsows; The greater the wees that his mind distraught,

The sweeter the lays he borrows. The tone of this is pessimistic. It is to be

said also that it contains a good many consonants, which may be taken to represent the roughnesses, the "thank-you-ma'ams," set ma-levolently in the pathway of the heart. But many of the poems are humorous, and this we ake to be a very reassuring symptom

In "The Flight of Time, and Other Poems." by Herman Bernstein (F. Tennyson Neely), we notice that the poet has devoted a song to the nightingale, a very famous and melodious bird that still sings, among other places, in the linden trees on the wall that encircles the University of Göttingen. The poet declares:

Were so powerful my word, Sweetest migrating bird, As is yours— Were my song of the kind That endures, Oh, nightingale, sweet nightingale For the sake of the song I would sing to the throng Of their doles! I would shatter the chains

Oh, nightingale, sweet nightingals. The attention of the nightingale is respect ully called to this suggestion. Mr. Bernstein declares that he cannot be as the nightingale, but there is no reason why the nightingale should not be as Mr. Bernstein. According to report, he has time. We observe that Mr. Bernstein has no poem to the sweetest of staionary birds, the canary.

In "Shots at Random," a book of poems by Howell Stroud England iJ. S. Ogilvie Company), we find a brief poem involving the idea of compensation. It runs: Though the lakes know not the emotion

That the depths of the ocean shakes, Yet the lakes may smile on the ocean, And the ocean smile on the lakes. We take it that Lake Erie, flading its way nto Lake Ontario, knows about as much emotion as there is. Moreover, it is not supposed that the depths of ocean, except in cases of arthquake, are nearly as much agitated as the surface. This, however, is nothing against the sentiment of the poem, which does not

need to look for its support in mere illustra-tion. Mr. England has a poem on the late Thomas F. Bayard of Delaware: Delaware, 'tis time to weep, Lo! thy loss indeed is great, Thou could'st price but could'st not keep. Sit in eilence, bow tny head,

Bayard, thy greatest son is dead ! He attained the greatest place Ever gained by statesman strong, Bound our ocean sundered race, Into one-till taunt or wrong Gainst the humblest saxon hurled Rouses Saxons round the world.

rounded off with the chronicilng of a certain number of hours per day spent at the desk, an moertain number of swizzles, socktails and excellent though inexpensive cigars consumed in hours of lessure and, in the end, a journey feet first to a peaceful resting place in the Happy Valley. But Fate assisted by a novelist of such peculiar abilities as Mr. Carlton Dawe is another matter; and hence we find Mr. Ravensford involved to a number of sufficiently surprising adventures. The Pulo Way, upon which he shipped as supercargo from Hong Kong to Manila, was an evil-smelling tramp steamer with a Chinese crew and a singularly unpleasant captain. An obnoxious person with

cadaverous face that habitually wore a malevo-lent grin.
"At times," says Mr. Ravensford, in the course of his narrative. "I fancied that he smiled only with the tip of his nose, that parrot benk which seemedalways on the point of pecking. Indeed it worked strangely, with a peculiar contract-ing and expanding motion, whenever he moved his jaws; and even when his face was in repose, it looked like the ugly beak of a brooding hawk."

Burely an undesirable companion this, for

his jaws: and even when his face was in repose, it looked like the ugly beak of a brooding hawk."

Burely an undesirable companion this, for even the shortest of sea voyages. There was also Mr. Gupp, a renegade naval gunner disquised as a 6001e, and Mr. Murrell the first mate, who is perhaps not inaccurately described as a surly brute who would skin his own mother for ten dollars. Altogether an exceptional assortment of tarry villains, and the reader is but mildly surprised when, as the tale proceeds to unfoid itself, he learns that plracy and not legitimate commerce was the object of the voyage of the Pulo Way. How \$250,000 in gold was stolen from an Australian linor, and how Mr. Gupp, with a well-directed shot, sank her and drowned all hands but one; and how Mr. Itsvensford and the second mate saved a beautiful golden-baired girl from a watery grave and defended her gallantly against the whole ship's crew, are, with other astonishing matters, all here set forth. That the unsavory Pulo Way should ultimately etick fast upon a reef, and that the captain, the first mate, Mr. Gupp and the ship's crew should parish miserably and furnish the baked meats for a feast of cannibals is not surprising. These things seem but fitting eventualities in that world of fiction in which poetic justice is meted out to all and villainy is certain to receive its due reward. When the golden-haired girl is rescued from the reef, inherits a fortune and marries the accound mate, we feel that fate and the novelist have arranged things as they should be. Mr. Ambrese Walton enlivens the text with some curious illustrations. In one of these he deplets the absolute lodificence of a Chinese safter man at the moment when Mr. Rusensford is about to blow the top of the first mate's head off, in a manner that is in itself an admirable tributato the unconquerable stolidity of the Clestial.

In "A Further Study of the Othello," which hears the substitle "Have We Missinderstood

off. in amenine that is in itself an admirable tributato the unconquerable stolidity of the Celestial.

In "A Further Study of the Othello." which hears the sub-title "Have We Misunderstood Shakespeare's Moor?" (The Shakespeare Press), Welker Given, Esq. devotes some 330 closely printed pages to an attempt to prove that the love of Othello for Desdemona was purely nlatonie.

According to this ingenious theorist, Shakespeare, in later life felt sad about "Venus and Adonis," and some other errors and indiscretions of his youth, and Othello is to be regarded as a sort of intellectual and moral penance. Although the Moor undoubtedly went through the form of marriage with Desdemona. he stood to her only in the relationship of a friend—a sort of elderly and benevolent uncle from Africa, as it were. Speculations of this kind are interesting as intellectual experiments and entirely harmless, and it may be that this explanation accounts for the violence of Othello's lealing ange, and elucidates many doubtful matters in the play. It may also be that Shakespeare has been in many ways misunderstood. There essems to be no reason why an ingenious investigator should not prove to his entire sarisfaction that the serpent of Old Nile was simply Mark Antony's amanuensis, and the sweet when Falstaff rode in the buck basket, he had called on Mistress Ford for the purpose of winding the clock or inveneting the gas meter.



It isn't a good pun, but it's good news.

We are going to take another half "dey" off to-day.

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Mr. A. Rodney Macdonough's English rendering in 1-rose and verse of "Aucassin and Nicolette" with several illustrations and an introductory note by Mr. Edmund C. Stedman. This version of the ever delightful twelfth century song story is scholarly and graceful and should be welcomed by readers to whom the beautiful translation by Mr. Francis Bourdilion and the quaintly humorous rendering by Mr. Andrew Lang are not accessible.

Mrs. Eleanor Kirk of Greene avenue, Brockiys, publishes a treatise, bound in sage green paper and of unstupendous appearance, on "The Prevention and Cure of Old Age," which should be eagerly welcomed by all faithful astrological students of Brockiyn, Bath Beach and the adjacent suburbs. Mrs. Kirk, who is also the author of "The Influence of the Zodiac Upon Human Life;" "Libra," which is the love romance of a young October woman, born in the middle sign of the air triplicity, and other astrological works more or less authoritative, believes that, in spite of what poets, philosophers and other persons have said or sung upon the subject, there is nothing beautiful about old age. Moreover it is doubtless true that there is not an individual on this planet who wants to grow old, and, according to this suburban seer, if we will think only pleasant thoughts, love our neighbors, refuse to acknowledge the existence of such a thing as old age and give up worrying, we may not unreasonably expect in time to discover the Island of Bimini and the Fountain of Perpetual Youth. Purthermore, Mrs. Kirk is convince! that even sickness will disappear under a course of the same simple treatment.

Supp ne one wakes in the merning with a feeling of depression, or what are supposed to be the premonitory symptome of illness. The first thought with those who have not studied on these lines will be: "On, dear! I'm just as blue as I can be." or. "Another celd is coming on, and I have only just so tower the last one."

"Nothing can induce me to listen to this nonsense. I am in the best of s

terly to hear or to be deminated by a single negative suggestion. I am the child of freedom:

This is encouraging, and at the same time Is a distinct holding up of the hands of that peasimistic philosopher who has declared that neman is certain of anything in this world except the man with the toothache; for clearly the man with the toothache (always providing that he is a child of freedom) can be no longer certain. There is no doubt but that the stomach has much to do with the happing of the individual and that the best locouragine will soon be destroyed, if, as M. s. hisk points out, part of its fuel consists of gravel and coal-dust with occasional stones and pieces of glass. Which reminds her of the story of a Maine woman who had a grievance.

but a the matter, was the sobting response. The stem the matter, was the sobting response. The companion. I allers thought you had wittles coongh. I should say so. When I think of the wittles I have cooked for that man "pointing to a stalwart figure mowing in the field—"how many vittles I've cooked for that man to gormandize, I'm sick as a dog. And when I think of all the vittles! I was the pointful cases as this it seems as

Gainst the humblest saxon hurled
Rouses Saxons rount the world.

In all these books of posms, pictures of the poets are afforded. Mr. England is distinctly handsome, and Mr. Bernstein is handsome also. The poems speak for themselves.

The eccentricity of Fate in weaving the web of human fortune has been variously and often sapiently commented on. But it may well be that the eccentricity of Fate is as nothing to the eccentricity of the untrammelled writer of romance. When young Mr. Ravensford, whose astonishing adventures are with much vigor and spirit set forth in "The Voyage of the PuloWay" (B. F. Fenno & Co.), found himself seated on a three-legged stool in the office of Measrs, Latheson & Co., merchants of Hong Kong, posting the ledger and making out invoices for the unstupendons stipend of \$20 per week, it is probable that had fate pursued her own unaided way, his future pound have been a fairly uneventful one. The even record of his existence would have been rounded off with the chronicling of a certain rounded of

white the whole work is interspersed with a number of anecdotes and political and historical reminiscences.

"The Law of Liability," by Edwin W. De Leon and Sidney N. Moon (The Speciator Company, New York), is a digest of the lewer of and decisions affecting the various forms of liability insurance. The decisions treated define the liability of employers to emiloyees and the public; landioris (o tenants and the public; landioris (o tenants and the public and the liability of owners and users of elevators, horses, vehicles, &c. The various subjects treated are accompanied by an index of the decisions given by the courts in the different States. A digest of decisions on the various forms of liability insurance is brought down to the beginning of the present year. The book derives great value from the fact that it represents the first attempt to collate the laws and decisions on the subject of insurance liability and is the work of men who have had practical experience as well as legal training to quality them for the task.

We have also received:

"A strange Discovery." Charles Romyn Dave. (H. Ingalls Kimball.)

"Lobo dag and Vixen." Ernest Seton Thompson. (Scribner's.)

"Trooper 3868 A Private Soldier of the Third Republic." Lionel Pecle Hiustrated Revisioner's.)

"The Novels of Ivan Turgeney. Vol. XIII. The Diary of a Superfluous Man and Other Stories. "Translated from the Russian by Constance Granet. (Macmillan & Co.)

"American Jewish Year Book. 5660. Sept., 1869. to Sept. 1800." Edited by Cyrus Adler. (Jewish Publishing Society America, Philadelphia, Pa.,

"Lady Barbarity." J. C. Snaith, (Apple-

phia, Pa.)
"Lady Barbarity." J. C. Snaith, (Apple-"Plutaroh's Lives," Englished by Sir Thomas
North. Vols. 7 and S. (J. M. Dent.)
"A Transplanted Lily." Sydney J. Wilson.
(Dillingham.)
"Don Fernandez the Spanish Spy." Barelay
M. Boss. (Dillingham.)
"The Broken Locket." Will A. Garland. (Dillingham.) "The Broken Louist."
Ingham!
"Port-Royal Education. A Sketch of its History with Extracts from its leading Authors."
Idited by Felix Cadet. (C. W. Bardeen.
Syrneuse, N. Y.) Syrnense, N. Y.)
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MARRIED

PENDLETON-CHILDS .- At Huntington Valley, Pa., Wednesday, Aug. 30, by the Rt. Rev. William F. Pendleton, Beatrice Walton, daughter of Walter C. Childs, formerly of Pittsburg Pa., to Rev. N. Dandridge Pendleton of Glen-

DIED.

GRAHAM. - Sept. 1, 1899, suddenly, of heart disease, Rose Graham, daughter of John C. Graham, formerly Superintendent of Repairs and Supplies

Department of Public Works. Notice of funeral hereafter. METZGER.-On Thursday, Aug. 31, Acua Eliza Metrger, beloved wife of Jacob Metyger, in the 77th year of her life

Interment Sunday in Lutheran. SUYDAM .- At his residence, No. 216 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., James S. Suydam, aged Funeral services at his late residence Sunday afternoon, September 8, at 2:30 o'clock. Inter-

ment private. Kindly omit flowers. POONER .- On Thursday, Aug. 81, Emma F., wife of Allen Newhall Spooner and daughter of John R. Browne, in the 32d year of her age, Funeral services from her late residence. 18d Car-teret sv., Jersey City, N. J., Saturday, Sept. 2d, at 8 P. M. Interment private.

THE KENSICO CEMETERY.—Private station, Har-lem Railroad; 43 minutes ride from the Grand Central Depot. Office, 1d East 42d st.



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See this week's number of

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THE SEPTEMBER

North American Review 11 WARREN ST., New York.

For Sale Everywhere. Beligious Motices.

UNION SERVICES OF SCOTCH, FOURTH AND PARK PRESEVTERIAN CHURCHESIAN SCOTCH Church, Schaat and Central Park West, Rev. Ernest M. Clapp of Poughkeepsie will preach morning and evening. Union Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evening at eight, Broadway, corner 10th at

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8 A. M.—Holy Communion.
10 A. M.—Morning Prayer and Sermon.
8 P. M.—Evening Prayer and Sermon.
All sittings free. BROADWAY TABERNACLE CHURCH,
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reaumed fact. 10. The pastor, Rev. Cha. E.
Jefferson, D.D., will preach morning and evening. FIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Cor. 5th street. Services Sunday, September 5,
11 A. M. and 4 P. M. The Bev. Wm. A. Watson, M.
A., of Birkenhead, England, is expected to officiate.

C. DIXSON PREACRES SUNDAY, MORNING and evening, in Hanson Place Baptist Church,

Labor Day Arrangements in Jersey City. The Arrangements Committee of the United Building Trades Councils of Jersey City and Hudson county, N. J., has completed its task, and the members declare that Labor Day will be observed in Jersey City in a style hitherto unequaled there. The oration of the day will delivered by Col. Daniel Patrick Dean, late of Alabama. The members of the Arrange-ments Committee are J. H. Covart, P. J. Mul-vanev, Fred Ramsey, Thomas F. Conroy, James Jobsen, S. A. Rogers, M. D. Gear and J. J. Halloran.

Court Calendars This Day. eme Court-Special Term.-Part II-Ex-parte Burrogates' Court—Chambers.—No day calendar. City Court—Special Term.—Court opens at 10

230 THOUSAND

IN PREPARATION.

We could fill this page with quotations from enthusiastic reviews of

THE MARKET PLACE

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but this from "The Bookman" will "The Market Place is a fine piece of

work, one of the best novels of the year, a literary legacy that will be remembered almost as an heirloom. The weakness of Harold Frederic's Gloria Mand : the strength of 'The Market P. .. , the book ower its very being to the rush and struggle and turmoil of existence that destroyed its creator. It throbs with the hum of life, and the wild, mad chorus of the market-place rises from its pages crescends to a tremendous finale. "To transfer the 'City' to the printed page is a wonderful achievement. In 'The Market Place' his multitudinous, extravagant, corrupt, but extraordinarily fascinating 'city' lives, moves and has its being. Harold Frederic must have had intimate acquaintance with its secrets, for there is not an impossible in-cident in his notel, and much is a tran-script from reality. To many 'The Market Place' will seem the wildest of ex-

travaganzas, a romance of the realms of the Zenda-a stirring, exciting romance, too. To those who possess the key to the book, it is a ruthless exposure, a mercilean satire. Both as sauce splendid reading.
"The Market Place' is one of the few in the page to colo-

men's novels. From title page to colo-phon it is compact of virtility. As a study of character it is supreme, for there is not one single failure in the book, and as a Romance of the City it has no equal in modern flation."—The Bookman. 12mo., cloth, \$1.50.

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HENRY HANLEIN, HELDE MANLEIN, Ja.